

Stop Playing Guitar

The Promise Ring

So if I had a dime for
Every time I should've
Stopped playing guitar
And put my nose in a book

Well, then my head would be healthy
And my guitar would be dusty
And that just might save me
From a bunch of bad songs

So maybe I'm too polite
Just like good Moses
But just like good manners
We've had enough of them

Yeah, yeah, oh, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah
And now we're moving a little bit slow
Yeah, oh, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Another round for my friends
I'll get paid back later
When evening turns midnight
I'll be just getting warm

I know you're hot and you're bothered
Now your skin's going crazy
It's one hundred degrees
And you've got a sweater on

So I'd like to come off
The side of the kitchen
So when this party's ending
I'll be taking your number home

Yeah, yeah, oh, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah
And now we're moving a little bit slow
Yeah, oh, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, oh, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah
Now were moving a little bit slow

I like books better than
Movies and present tense
And I can keep up with them
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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